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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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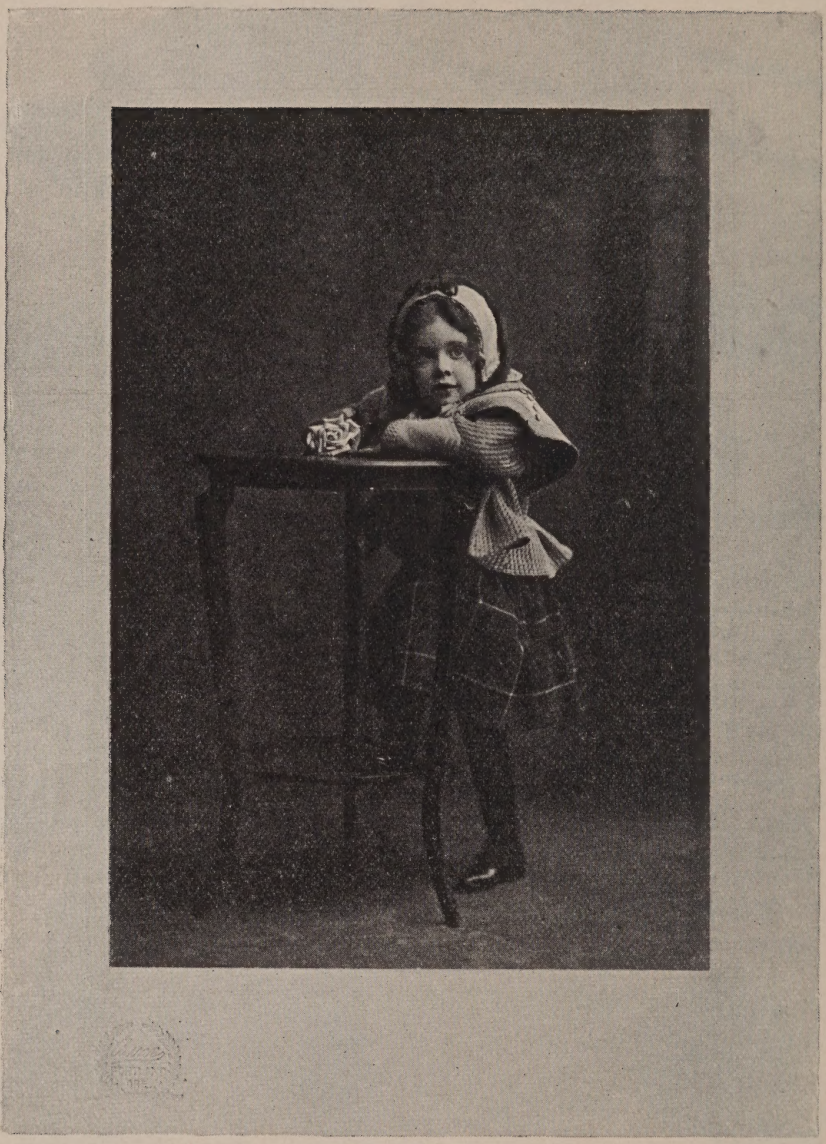

A WINTER ROSE.

The First Prize "A," Class "Beautiful," in the Second Prize Photograph Competition was awarded for this picture to Mrs. Nettie Harper Stuart, Portland, Oregon.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV. FEBUARY, 1901. No. 4.

STUBBORN RUTH.

(*Far-West Children.*)

IT WAS our Red Cross auntie who told us this story, the dignified president of a great Society that has tenderly cared for hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers, and hundreds of hungry little children in a starving land.

Nobody could have dreamed that Auntie Ruth ever was a wild little cowboy of a girl, loving to roam the breezy western plains on her pony much better than to help her mother in the house.

Yet our Red Cross auntie was once that sort of little girl.

Her father and mother came from Illinois in early Oregon days and settled on the John Day river, about twelve miles from the place where the town of Antelope now stands.

Little Ruth loved to go out on the ranch with her father on his rounds to see the stock. She had a little Indian pony of her own, named "Daffodil," because he was a bright cream color, with soft white mane and tail.

When they had lived on the ranch for about a year, they noticed at one time, for several days together, that the Indians were throwing up fire-balls at night, in different parts of the country; sometimes on the prairie, sometimes back in the hills. Ruth's father said they were signaling to one another. Ruth's father and mother both thought they might be making plans for a general attack upon the settlers, and for awhile Ruth herself was not allowed to leave the house, and she and her mother were

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anxious if Ruth's father happened to stay out any later than usual.

But the mysterious signal-fires were really a long way off, and nothing happened, and after awhile they ceased, and the little family on the John Day river lived in peace as before. Ruth went with her father again on his long rough rides, and he often said that his little daughter was more help to him than any boy he could hire.

But as time passed, Ruth's mother began to fret because she was never contented in-doors. If she tried to have her sew, Ruth would call the thread a "string," and object to sewing with a thimble on her finger, and lay the threaded needle down "just anywhere" when she had finished sewing, or was called away.

At last Ruth's father came to the conclusion that she must stay at home with her mother altogether, learn to wash dishes nicely, and to cook as well as to sew, and spend some time with her books.

Ruth actually cried at first; but when she found it was of no use, she stopped coaxing, and tried to console herself with little visits to Daffodil in the corral or the stall.

One morning, early, when there was little to do in the house, Ruth ventured out to help her father feed the horses in the stable. He was going away immediately on a long ride to a distant part of the ranch to be gone all day.

He did not send her back to the house this morning as usual, but spoke to her in the old friendly way, in the tone of one who knows that you understand what you are about, and welcomes your help.

"It does go a little lonely without you, Major," said he, lifting her solid little chin in his hand and looking kindly down at her.

Ruth hoped he would ask her to go with him; but, after all, he mounted his horse and rode away as soon as he was ready.

It was so long since her father had called her "Major" that it brought a choking to her throat; and then came a good "cry" that she struggled hard to keep down.

Oh, if father only knew how lonesome it was for *her*, sitting here alone on the stable threshold, with Daffodil whinnying

TO CROSS, RUTH WOULD HAVE TO SWIM THE PONY.

impatiently in the corral close by, and the free wind lifting her hair!

Ruth sat there a long time. There was really nothing of consequence to do in the house — her mother had said so, at breakfast-time. The more she thought of it, the harder it seemed to be left at home. Why not saddle Daffodil and ride after father?

Her mother was just then away from the house, out in the further edge of the big vegetable garden. Ruth knew she ought to go and ask permission. But she smothered that feeling down; her mother could not really care! Besides her father might soon be out of sight. In three minutes more wilful Ruth had mounted Daffodil and was racing away, facing the sweet keen wind with such delight that she forgot everything else.

She could just see her father galloping on ahead of her, not very far away at first; but soon he disappeared in a hollow of the rolling prairie, and she could only guess in what direction he was going until he appeared again, a mere black dot on the

brow of a hill. This happened again and again, but Ruth stubbornly followed him all the long morning and until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then she lost sight of him altogether.

The house-dog, old Rush, had followed her. With him, she hunted over the great lonesome ranch until toward evening, trying to find her father. Then she started home — that is, she turned Daffodil in the direction she thought was toward home, and rode until about eight o'clock, when it became quite dark. Presently she came to a place where the trail was forked. She took the fork which she thought would lead her home, but the old dog snapped and barked, running resolutely to the other trail, until she decided that Rush might know better than she, and it would be wise to follow him. As for the pony — Daffodil was willing to go wherever his little mistress wished.

When Ruth left home that morning the John Day river was low enough to ford, with the water just up to the middle of the horse; but while she had been gone the river had come up suddenly, as mountain streams do with the melting snows, and now, when she came to it, she knew that to cross it she would have to swim the pony.

This she was preparing to do when she heard a call, "Ruth, Ruth!" In a minute her father came dimly into view, paddling across the river in a dug-out. He took her over, with the pony swimming behind.

Ruth knew that she deserved a sharp reproof. But her father only told her quietly that they must get home with all speed possible, for there were reasons for great anxiety, and her mother had already suffered quite enough on account of her all-day absence.

His own horse was waiting on the bank, and Ruth mounted her pony once more. Then together they rode homeward, more swiftly than ever they rode before.

Her father had carried with him that day a new Spencer rifle, which he had received a short time before from the East. The fame of this sixteen-shooter had spread abroad, throughout the country. While he was looking after his cattle, not dreaming that his little daughter Ruth was following him, a band of more

than fifty Indians had come upon him suddenly in a canyon.

As he was the first settler in the valley these Indians knew him well. They began to talk to him in Chinook about the wonderful gun, and asked to be shown how it worked. They were eager in their admiration, over and over demanding to know how many ponies he would take for it. The sharp-eyed rancher noticed that during all this talk the Indians were trying to get behind him, so he backed up close to the rocky wall of the canyon, quite sure from their actions that probably they meant to harm him in some way.

At last when they again demanded to know how many ponies he would take for his gun, he told them that he needed this one to get antelope meat for his family, but that if they wished to trade ponies for guns, he could get them some exactly like his own in a short time.

They seemed finally to agree that this might be a good plan, and went away, talking excitedly among themselves.

Then he had hurried home, only to start out again immediately, sick with dread of what might have befallen his disobedient little daughter.

When Ruth had at last safely reached home with her father, and heard this history of the day, and knew how her mother had suffered from fear of what might have happened, she could hardly speak for shame. She was tired and hungry too, and longed to go to bed and fall asleep.

But there was to be no sleep that night for Ruth.

Lucia Chase Bell.

A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHT ABOUT BATS.

THEY know that they are ugly,
So they don't come out till dark —
Did Noah take the trouble
To save *them* within his ark?

M. J. H.

A DARING RIDER, PULLING AT THE REINS!

BABY'S HORSE.

I'M a balky horse for baby —
  Anything to please;
I must gallop 'round the room
  On my hands and knees.
Firmly seated on my back,
  Daring rider, he,
Pulling at the reins — my hair —
  Yells and laughs with glee.
I must gallop, plunge, and rear,
Kick my hind legs in the air,
    Else I wouldn't be —
    "A balk-ee hors-ee."

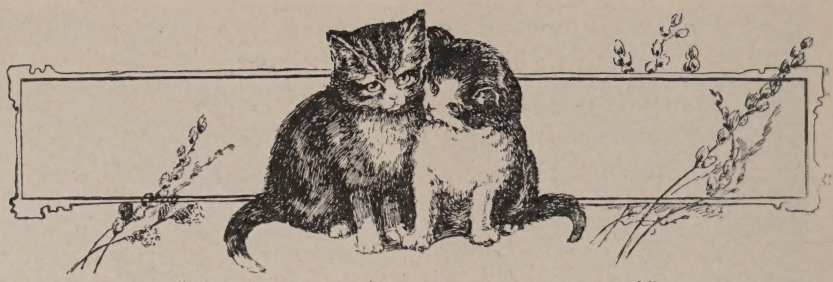
I'm a gentle horse for baby;
  To the stable go,
Back behind some parlor chairs
  Standing in a row.

I must try and make believe
I am eating hay,
While with brush and comb he stands,
Combs and combs away.
I must stand so very still,
Must not stamp my feet until
He has curried me—
"Like a good hors-ee."

I would rather be a play-horse
For my baby boy,
Than the man with lands and gold
Who ne'er knew the joy.
Gladly will I plunge and rear,
Kick my hind legs in the air,
Make believe I'm eating hay
While he combs and combs away,
If I can only be—
"A hors-ee for ba-bee."

William Peter Snyder.

"LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! STEER TO THE LEFT AND NOT RUN OVER THE MAN!"



"OH, PUSSY WILLOW, WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?"

WINTER DAYS AND PLAYS.

(*When I was a Little Girl.*)

WHEN I was a little girl we had the longest coldest kind of winters. Cold weather began before Thanksgiving Day in November, and lasted away into April. There was often skating in April and many snow-storms. Once there was a heavy snow the fifth of May; I remember this especially, as my sister and I ran out early the next morning and filled a large washtub with the beautiful white snow.

Although we were only little girls we had heard people say that there was nothing so good to take off freckles as May snow-water, and we both had many freckles in the summer so that 'Siah, when he wanted to tease us, called us "turkey-eggs" because we were so speckled. I remember once seeing my sister holding her hand over her nose when she was reading and I asked her why she did it; she said the freckles on her nose shone up so that they got in the way of the letters in her book.

Well, we filled all the bottles and jugs we could find with the precious May snow-water as soon as the snow melted in the tub, and put them away in the attic to use when our faces got badly freckled; but we never thought of the snow-water again for many months, and when we went to get it we found only a green dirty liquid that we threw away in disgust.

When I was a little girl there were no town snow-ploughs, but men used to "break the roads" with yokes of oxen and

heavy teams. The big boys shovelled out around the school-house and made a path to the road; paths were made about the village, where they were needed, by the people. Sometimes a man would hitch his oxen to a great wood-sled and go from house to house until he had a large and jolly load of children and take them to the school-house.

Although we lived quite a long way from the school-house my father often made a path for us by dragging a heavy log fastened to a strong rope, through the snow; we tramped gaily along after the log, wrapped in our heavy woolen coats, with thick woolen hoods and mittens, and a pair of father's socks, or mother's longer stockings, drawn snugly up over our thick calf-skin boots laced with leather strings and furnished with copper toes. Our stockings were the thickest of wool and had been knit for us by grandmother or mother.

On very cold mornings when we started for school, mother would give us each a hot brick wrapped in flannel to keep our hands warm, but as it was rather heavy we much preferred what we occasionally got — a large hot buckwheat cake that not only warmed our hands, but of which we could eat a bit now and then if we felt like it; I believe it was often all eaten by the time we reached the school-house Of course 'Siah didn't carry any cake; he always pretended that he wasn't cold, and used to help father drag the log when the snow was deep.

When I was a very little girl, 'Siah and I slept in a red trundle-bed in my mother's room; this bed during the day-time was rolled under the big bed, then drawn out at night. Almost all the sleeping-rooms in our house opened off of the living-rooms down-stairs, and though no one in the country had fires in the bedrooms these rooms down-stairs were not so icy-cold as the room I had upstairs when I grew a little older.

I had it all to myself and I was very fond of this little room up under the eaves. There was just room between the wall and the one window to put my narrow bed, and I had a pretty little bureau and a rocking-chair. Oh, but wasn't it cold in this room! I had to hurry on some clothes and run down-stairs as fast as I could and dress by the fire all the winter mornings and

wash in the kitchen; still I do not think I ever minded having such a cold room. On some zero nights my mother used to get the big brass warming-pan, with its long red handle, that hung on the entry wall, and fill it with red-hot coals, shut the cover down tight—this cover had, I remember, a big rooster engraved on it—and then she would run the warming-pan up and down, up and down, until every bit of my little bed was nice and warm. Sometimes she put a hot brick or a stone bottle of hot

THE BOYS SHOVELLED THE ROADS OUT AROUND THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

water in my bed; but somehow I liked best the warming-pan, which I thought very handsome.

One day a man came to our school and said a great deal about fresh air in bedrooms at night. In the country people did not, when I was a little girl, have their bedroom windows open at night, certainly not in the winter; but I thought I would try it. So just before I crept into my icy little bed, in my long yellow flannel night-gown, I opened my window a little way and put one of my boots in, to keep the window open, as the stick used to keep the window up held it wide open, and I felt I couldn't

stand that on a zero night. I snuggled down into the fat feather-bed and knew nothing more till I woke in the morning and found my pillow with a little heap of snow upon it, and the sheet frozen stiff around my face. I did not try the open window again until warmer weather came.

Another thing the man said was that everyone should take a cold-water bath every day. As water froze solid in my room over-night I knew I could not take a bath early in the morning; so, not saying a word to my mother, which was not right, as I was not old enough to judge about such things myself, I carried up a pitcher of cold water and took a bath in the icy room before I went to bed. I shivered and shook — I remember now how purple and blue my poor little body looked while bathing — until at last I fell asleep. When I woke the next morning I felt lame all over and it hurt me to walk. I did not like to tell what was the matter, but my poor legs ached dreadfully many nights, and my father would come and rub them so I could get to sleep.

Before the bell rang for school we used to have fine times playing in the big school-house yard, especially when there was snow. Before it was trampled we used to lie down on it on our backs with arms outspread, and make what we called our "forms;" long rows of these "forms" often edged the path leading to the school-house door. Sometimes the snow was drifted high up against the fence at one side of the yard, and but a little space was left between the drift and the fence; here we used to go and sit down in the snow, making what we called "arm-chairs."

On very stormy days we took our dinner to school and had great fun all sitting around the big stove talking and laughing and eating; but the big boys were apt to be rather rude, and we little girls used to get hurt during the rough games of "catch" that often took place after dinner, around and around the school-room. Once I was pushed into the sharp corner of a chair and was so much hurt that I had to be sent home in a carriage. So sister and I were not allowed to carry dinners very often.

Elizabeth Robinson.

THEY DIDN'T LIKE THEIR NUTS SALTED.

BILLY'S CHIPMUNK.

DO you know how a chipmunk looks?

He is about as big as a large rat, with a long tail which is bushy like a squirrel's, his body is striped from head to tail with yellow and brown, he has bright funny black eyes, and he moves like a dart, with long leaps — altogether he is a dear pretty little fellow.

I have a true story to tell you about one of these cunning little creatures.

This chipmunk lived under the porch of a cottage in a lovely spot where a little boy about six years old, named Billy, had been to stay every summer all his life.

There were many chipmunks about the cottage and many of them had little round holes in the ground where they ran down to their homes; but this one lived under the porch. Billy was very kind to them all and loved to scatter corn for them, and peanuts — they seemed very fond of peanuts; and they were so tame with Billy that they would run up his stockings and his trousers until they could reach his pockets and munch the peanuts they found there, but the small porch chipmunk was the

tamest one — he would even go into the house with Billy.

One morning Billy's mother brought home a bag of salted peanuts, and put the bag on a table near one of the porch windows. She didn't think of them again until afternoon, and then, when she went for them, they were gone except two or three.

So she called Billy and said, "Billy did you take my nuts?"

"No, Mama, I haven't seen any nuts — where were they?" said Billy.

She told him, and Billy and his mother wondered and wondered where the peanuts could have gone, for they were alone in house that day.

After supper, just at dusk, as Billy was sitting in his mother's lap on the porch, he spied the little porch chipmunk running along the edge of the piazza outside the balustrade which did not quite reach the floor. The little fellow stopped and pushed something inside and then ran away. Back he came again and pushed something else in. Billy wanted to run at once and see what it was, but his mother said, "Wait a minute and see if he comes again."

Sure enough, in a minute there he was again; and over and over he came, until there lay on the porch — guess what? A heap of peanuts.

They proved to be the nuts Billy's mother had bought, and which the little porch chipmunk had stolen and brought back again — they knew it was the porch chipmunk because every time he went under the porch. Evidently he and his friends didn't like their nuts salted.

M. Fay.

WHO KNOWS?

I AM so very tiny — I think you'll all agree —
To write a verse, or make a speech, is quite too hard for me.
But Washington and Lincoln were little once, you see,
And so, perhaps, some day — who knows? — a President I'll be!

Alice E. Allen.

EVERY BRANCH WAS PRESSED FOR ROOM.

HOW THE BARBERRIES BLOSSOMED.

THE barberry hedge
At the garden edge,
With blossom and berry gone long ago,
And all its leaves laid under the snow —
Oh, what do you think
Happened in a wink
To its bare and cold and lonely twigs?
A shower of blossoms in whirl-i-gigs,
From the sky, pell-mell,
On the bare hedge fell,
Till every branch was pressed for room
To hold the clustering crowding bloom.

The blossoms were brown,
And fluffy as down,

With straight little stems, trim and firm,
On which to trip and hop and squirm!
And, queerest of things,
These blossoms had wings,
And not for a minute did they keep still,
But hopped, and fluttered, and chattered at will;
Then away they sped
To the blue o'erhead!
Now, dear little children, do I need tell you
What fluffy brown things to the bare hedge flew?

Ida May Mullins.

MY VALENTINE.

THE dearest daintiest valentine
Has come this frosty morning,
Of pink and pearl, and all a-shine,
Just like the skies at dawning.

'Tis made of lace so fair and fine,
With edges crimped and crinkled,
And o'er each tiny trailing vine
Bright diamond-dust is sprinkled.

The loveliest little valentine,
With silver stars all spangled;
And in and out there twist and twine
Love-knots, with posies tangled.

'Tis on my window-pane — 'tis mine —
For me he must have meant it;
And though his name he didn't sign,
I'm sure 'twas Jack Frost sent it!

Alice E. Allen.

"I WILL DRAW YOU A PLAN," SAID AUNT ANNE.

BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE.

AUNT ANNE laughed. "Sarah Jane Simpson," said she, "what in the world is the matter? Who ever saw such a puckered-up little face? Can't you get your lesson?"

Sarah Jane laughed too, and laid her geography down. "I wasn't really studying, Aunt Anne, I was trying to think what I could send Big Brother for a birthday present — you know it comes on St. Valentine's Day."

Sarah Jane always called her brother Bob "Big Brother."

Aunt Anne laughed again. "On St. Valentine's Day! Well, you're beginning in season — it's now the fifteenth of October."

Sarah Jane thought that perhaps she was ridiculous — but oh, she had been so lonesome ever since Bob had started away for Boston yesterday morning to be gone until June — his school wouldn't close until June — and she wanted to do something very nice for his birthday. Christmas came between, to be sure — but it was a birthday present on which Sarah Jane had set her heart.

"Make him a valentine," said Aunt Anne. "You can cut

out flowers and birds and cupids and pretty little faces from picture-cards, and I will give you some nice cardboard and you can paste them on and then write a little verse on it and make a border of hearts all around — I'll draw you a plan this minute!"

Aunt Anne caught up her pencil and began to draw, and Sarah Jane took her geography again. All at once she laughed out. "You needn't draw me a pattern, Aunt Anne!" she said. "I know what I'll do," and off she ran up-stairs.

Next morning, after breakfast, Sarah Jane ran out doors — hoppety, skipperty hop — as fast as she could go. Down the garden walk she skipped, by Bob's long marigold bed, and through the little garden gate into the barnyard, where Bob's dog, Don, came running up to her and jumped all about her — he was so happy to see his master's little sister!

"Oh, Don," Sarah Jane cried, "I am going to make Big Brother a valentine for his birthday, and don't you want to help?"

Don wagged his tail for joy, and just then Big Brother's little brown hen came out of the hen-house and Sarah Jane went to meet her.

"Oh, you dear Henny Penny, I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two weenty brown feathers?"

The little brown hen shook her wings, and there on the ground lay two weenty brown feathers. Sarah Jane picked them up, and put them in her apron, and then she said, "Now where is Ducky Daddles?"

Ducky Daddles was just going down to the pond.

"Oh, Ducky Daddles," called Sarah Jane, "I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two of your shining green feathers?"

"Quack, quack," said Ducky Daddles, and there on the ground lay two shining green feathers, and Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and then she said to Don, "I'll get some of the ferns that grow by the little bridge we made, and some of the marigolds in his garden-bed, and I'll make the most beautiful wreath that ever was!"

So Sarah Jane went skipperty hop to the pond and picked the little green ferns, and put them in her apron, and skipperty hop back to the garden and picked the yellow marigolds and put them in her apron, and all the time Don ran about and barked and thought he was helping a great deal.

"Now for Billy Button!" said Sarah Jane, and back she went skipperty hop to the barn-yard.

The pony was in his stall eating hay, and Sarah Jane said, "Oh, Billy Button, I am going to make your master a birthday valentine, and won't you give me a hair out of your beautiful long tail?"

Billy Button switched his beautiful long tail about, and there on the floor lay a glossy black hair, and Sarah Jane picked it up and wound it round and round her finger so as not to lose it, and then she went to see Bob's gray squirrel in his cage by the kitchen-door.

"Oh, Chipperty," said she, "I am going to make your master a valentine of the things he likes, and will you give me a little bit of your soft gray fur?"

Chipperty was whirling on his wheel, but he winked, as much as to say, "Help yourself," and sure enough there was a little tuft of soft gray fur sticking between the bars, and Sarah Jane poked two of her fingers inside and got it and put it in her apron, and then she said, "I wonder what I can get from Bunny — I'm sure Big Brother would like to be remembered of his white rabbit!"

So Sarah Jane went skipperty hop to the rabbit's house and said, "Oh, Bunny I am making a valentine for your master, and what will you give me for it?"

Bunny was eating his breakfast of turnip and parsley, and he lifted his long ears and moved them thoughtfully for a moment, and then tossed her a stem of parsley, and Sarah Jane picked it up and put it in her apron, and said, "Yes Bunny, he'll think of you when he sees the parsley!" And then she turned all of a sudden and with the little scissors in her apron-pocket she snipped off a little red curl from Don's back, and put that in her apron too.

And then with the little red curl in her apron, and Chipperty's fur, and Bunny's parsley and Henny Penny's brown feathers and Ducky Daddles' shining green ones and the little ferns from bridge and the marigolds from the garden, and Billy Button's long glossy black hair around her finger, Sarah Jane went skipperty hop into the house to make the birthday valentine for Big Brother.

Aunt Anne gave her a piece of cardboard and a pot of paste, and she made a most beautiful wreath. It took Sarah Jane a long time to paste the tiny green sprigs of parsley in among the yellow petals of marigolds; and it took her a long time to lay the ferns and the green and brown feathers "just graceful" to form the two sides and curve around at the base, and a very long time indeed to sew the little red curl and the ring of black hair with the lock of squirrel fur, to cover the "joins" at the bottom and so unite the whole into a perfect wreath to send to Big Brother.

SHE MADE A BEAUTIFUL WREATH.

And then she wrote a "verse" in the center:

"When this you see
Remember us."

It didn't rhyme as did the old couplet, but it said more nearly what Sarah Jane meant to say to Big Brother.

Sarah Jane put the valentine in the big dictionary to press it nice and flat; and when next spring the twelfth of February came around she took it out "just perfect" and put it in a beautiful large envelope made on purpose for valentines, all protected by tissue paper and pasteboard, and her Papa directed it and stamped it and started it on its two days' journey.

And when Big Brother opened it, he looked at the wreath a

long time, and at the verse inside the wreath a long time, and then he said, "That's from little Sarah Jane, and from Don and Billy Button and Chipperty and Bunny and Henny Penny and Ducky Daddles and our bridge and my garden-bed — oh, funny little Sarah Jane!" And he laughed and dropped a big happy shining tear right splash on his valentine!

Lilla Thomas Elder.

DOLLY'S RIDING LESSON.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

(*A Washington's Birthday Recitation for Five Little Boys.*)

In concert:

George Washington, the good, the great —
All boys, though small as we,
Would like to learn the way to grow
As good and great as he!

First boy:

He liked to play a game of ball,
He liked to jump and run —
And so a merry little boy
May grow like Washington.

Second boy:

He never did a cruel deed
And called it "only fun" —
And that's one way a little boy
May be like Washington.

Third boy:

He loved his mother all his life,
He honored everyone —
And in those ways a little boy
May be like Washington.

Fourth boy:

He owned his fault, brave boy and true,
When any wrong he'd done —
And that's a way a little boy
May be like Washington.

Fifth boy — last two lines in concert:

He loved his country first and best,
The noblest 'neath the sun —
And that's the way that all boys may
Be like great Washington!

Helen Standish Perkins.

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

Chapter IV. — Fair Play.

"LONG TOM is either in Pumbleberry's Pond that hasn't any bottom, or in Perigo's Woods where there is a bear?"

Pinky Jones said it over again, for she thought that Billy Boy couldn't be so calm if he had understood. She wished Billy Boy to understand that there really was no hope of ever getting the gun.

"Pooh! Every pond has a bottom, and there are no bears in Perigo's Woods," said Billy Boy.

"It *is* a truly bear in Perigo's woods," cried Pinky in great excitement. "Some people say it was a tame bear that ran away from a circus. But now it's in the woods of course it's wild, and awfully savage and hungry because it's not used to getting its living as a wild bear has to. If you go into the woods it will surely eat you! It would eat the whole Guards!"

Bee put her arm through Billy Boy's in a protecting way. She felt as if he were going at once to be drowned in Pumbleberry's Pond or eaten by the bear in Perigo's Woods. Then she suddenly put on her thinking-cap. "How did the Tinkertown boys dare to carry the gun into the woods if there is a bear there?" she asked.

"I suppose they did it very softly and slyly and then ran away," said Pinky. "But perhaps they didn't," she added after another moment. "They may have thrown it into Pumbleberry's Pond. And if the pond has a bottom it is down so deep that you can never, never find anything that is thrown in there."

"How do you know?" asked Billy Boy. He had a habit of asking that question. Sometimes even Bee found it a little provoking. He seemed to ask it oftener since he had learned spelling and fractions and straightened his legs.

"How do I know?" repeated Pinky Jones a little crossly — for Ambrose was having hard work to hold in the pony so that she could tell about Long Tom. "I know because Iky Proudfoot told my aunt so."

"How does Iky Proudfoot know?" asked Billy Boy.

CARROTS WOULD NEVER GO BY A WATERING-TROUGH.

What Pinky would have replied will never be known, for at that moment Bevis howled. And when Bevis howled the donkey started, and when the donkey started Pinky Jones' pony started too, so wildly that Ambrose could not hold him. Away raced the two little beasts with the carts rattling and bumping and the two little girls holding on for dear life.

How far they would have run no one can tell if the watering-trough had not come in sight. Carrots would never go by a watering-trough. If you tried to make him he would just kick up.

When Pinky Jones' pony saw the donkey stop at the trough he stopped too, and they thrust their noses into the water together.

It happened that just then three boys on three bicycles came along. Billy Boy's heart gave a jump when he saw Ray Rogers in the middle with a Tatwick boy on each side! He felt sure that they had come to Tinkertown to buy Long Tom.

"Hullo, Pekoe Guards!" called Ray Rogers, who was a big boy. He was going along, but Simpsy Downs, a Tatwick boy whom Billy Boy knew, stopped.

"We're going to buy Long Tom!" Simpsy said in a very proud tone.

Billy Boy drew himself up straight and tall. "The Pekoe Guards have bought Long Tom!" he said in a still prouder tone.

Ray Rogers and the other Tatwick boy turned back when they heard what Billy Boy said.

"Have you, honest?" asked the Tatwick boys and Ray Rogers all together.

"I wish I hadn't told you Long Tom was for sale!" went on Ray Rogers. "I never thought such small fellows as you would think of buying a gun."

"How much did you pay?" asked one of the Tatwick boys.

"Let's see you get him — that's all!" cried a loud shrill voice. And when they all turned their heads to see where it came from there was Iky Proudfoot coming out of a store, with his little sister.

"Long Tom belongs to Tinkertown!" shouted Iky Proud-

foot. "And the boys of Tinkertown are going to keep him!"

"The girls are going to help!" said Bobsy Proudfoot, who was only six and chewed her sunbonnet strings. "He's been our Long Tom for forty years! The town had no right to sell him!"

"We were going to help the Pekoe Guards to get him for their town," said Pinky Jones, "but oh dear, now that it's all mixed up with bears and things I don't know as girls can!"

"You're going to have a cannon," said one of the Tatwick boys to Iky Proudfoot. "You ought to be satisfied."

"Our Long Tom is better than a cannon," said Iky. "He has been in a real war. And he has had his name in the papers. Besides, we haven't seen the cannon yet! They ought to have bought the cannon before they sold Long Tom."

"Well, perhaps they ought," said Ray Rogers, as if he were thinking very hard. "They sold it to Captain William Stork and now it seems Captain Stork has sold it to Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards. But you seem to think, Iky Proudfoot, that there's a hitch somewhere. Pekoe Guards, have you got the gun?"

"Not yet," answered Captain Billy Boy.

"Well," said Ray Rogers, "I am a Tinkertown boy, but I wanted the Tatwick boys to have Long Tom, because I go to school there. I thought a cannon was enough for us. But if the Pekoe Guards have got ahead of the Tatwickers, in a fair and square way, why then they ought to have the gun. The Tatwick boys want to see fair play, always and forever, whoever is hit!"

The two Tatwick boys shouted "Hurrah!" at this, and Billy Boy, and Ambrose the driver, shouted "Hurrah for fair play and the Tatwick boys!" And a good many Tinkertown boys who had drawn near to listen shouted "Hurrah!" too. Bee Brown and Pinky Jones clapped their hands and Bobsy Proudfoot swung her sunbonnet.

But Iky Proudfoot squared himself and scowled scornfully at the shouting boys.

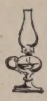
"Let's see the Pekoe Guards *get* Long Tom!" he said.

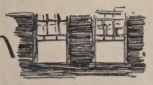
(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

IV.

"O-O-H!" screamed little Doffy Dilver, sitting up in . "What you screaming for, Doffy?" cried out little sitting up too. "What's the matter up stairs?" wondered . "Hello! what ails Dicky and Doffy?" called out , running in, just as his mother came up the with a  , his behind with another . "Something scratched me," sobbed , "right across my , and my , and my , and I 'most grabbed it, and I don't want to stay in our new ". "I guess you were dreaming," said Doffy's , looking all about. They all looked, and Bobs said he would go get his , and Doffy's father said there wasn't any thing. "Oh, there is," said Doffy, her very big, as she picked up some speckled from the bed. "These are feath

ers," said Mr. Dilver, and looked at the open  "Could an have flown in?" "Oh, yes, it did," sobbed Doffy, "and it tried to bite me, and we can't stay in our nice new !" They all laughed — but it was Owlet's stiff little wing- that scratched poor Doffy's and and , and Doffy had grabbed at the little with both , and some soft breast- were pulled out. But Owlet hadn't flown in to bite Doffy. With her great she had spied a little , right on Doffy's , and she had got him for her breakfast. "Now we've looked everywhere, Doffy," said her mother, "and there isn't anything here." "We'll put in tomorrow," said her father, "and tonight you shall have my on your little ." This comforted Doffy, and she and Dicky lay down. and and said "Good-night," and went out.

(*Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden Plays.*)

WE were glad in midsummer when the snapdragons bloomed. We loved to pluck the fiercest ones and make them talk. We caught them by the throat and pressed them, and their mouths opened and shut, and opened and shut.

She held a little snapdragon by the throat and made him open his mouth and say, "Why are we called snapdragons?"

And I held a big snapdragon by the throat and made him open his mouth and say, "Because the Greek story-books are wrong; they tell that Cadmus sowed dragons' teeth and armed men sprang up, but I was there and that wasn't true — flowers sprang up, and Cadmus called them 'snapdragons.'"

Then my sister made her little snapdragon say, "And so we didn't have to go to fighting at all!"

Then I made my snapdragon say, "No, though we are dragons, we don't fight."

Then she made her little snapdragon open his mouth very wide and say, "What time of the year is this?"

And my snapdragon said, "Summer-time!"

And her snapdragon asked, "Why call it summer-time?"

And my snapdragon said, "I reckon because it's a lazy time; when we ask Mammy for a story she goes to sleep and says, 'I'll tell you a tale some-o'her-time, some-o'her-time.'"

And the little snapdragon said, "What was the time before?"

And the large snapdragon said, "Spring-time; that was the time we all came springing up!"

Then the little snapdragon said, "And what will the next time be?"

And the large one said, "Fall; flowers fall off then, and apples fall down."

And the inquiring little snapdragon said, "What time next?"

The large one said, "Winter-time."

The little one asked, "What about that?"

And the large one shivered and said, "I don't know; I never am here then."

Then the little snapdragon opened his mouth wide — and didn't say anything.

Sometimes we played "feed the babies," and opened the snapdragons' mouths to drop in bits of sweet-fern and rosemary and little seeds and the like, every bit of which they swallowed.

But we liked best to make them talk as though they were a little Punch-and-Judy show.

Martha Young.

READY FOR WORK.

HE isn't very big, you see,
But yet he does not shirk;
He just puts on his overalls,
And my! how he does work!

Allie Toland Criss.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

IX.

MY *first* is what the cleanly do,
And so, of course, you do it, too;
My *second* rhymes with ring and sing,
New meaning to a verb will bring;
My *third's* the measure used alway
By those who deal in coal and hay.

My *whole* was one both good and great,
True boy to home, true man to state;
He was the first when right meant war;
And first when peace the new land saw;
And first to-day, as he was then,
Within the hearts of his countrymen!

X.

MY *first* is a fruit, red, yellow, or black,
By girls and by boys well liked — but, alack!
Liked better by robins and various birds,
Who gather the crop without any words;
On my *second* my *first* by a slim stem hangs;
My *whole* a small hatchet hit terrible bangs,
A hatchet held fast in a famous boy's hand,
Which made it the famousest one in the land.

XI.

MY *first* is what the chickens do
When they come out of eggs;
My *second* is the French for "and";
My *whole* can pound in pegs —
For, though it's mostly like an ax,
It's like a hammer, too:
I know the name of it quite well —
Do you, and you, and you?

C. S. P.

PUBLISHER'S TALK.

Did you give your full address when you sent your renewal? Nearly fifty letters containing money have been received within six weeks, which were so defective in one way or another that the publisher could not tell to whom they should be credited. Every one of these careless people will some day feel cross with the publisher, and very likely find fault with his "business methods."

Would you like the numbers of LITTLE FOLKS for a year, beautifully bound, and without any cost but twenty cents to pay the postage? You may have Volume 1 or Volume 2 very handsomely bound, free for one new subscriber. If you could *see* the book you would secure a new subscriber at once. This is a *remarkable* offer. The regular price is one dollar for LITTLE FOLKS in numbers, and here is an opportunity to secure a year's numbers, handsomely bound, and a new year's subscription for the same sum. This offer is made to introduce the magazine to new homes.

If you wish to see the book before obtaining the new name, you may send twenty cents in stamps for postage, and I will send it to you by mail, and you can hunt up the new subscriber after you have the book. The subscriber must pay the dollar, that is, it must not be a present.

A sixteen page Premium List was given in the November number. There are many thousand new subscribers who have not had this number and any one who would like one, may have the Premium List for the asking.

Read the third page of the cover of this number and then send for some copies of LITTLE FOLKS. The Publisher takes all the risk.

A new plan for mailing LITTLE FOLKS was used for the January number and this issue in all places where there are over five subscribers. The Publisher would like to know if the magazine reaches you in good condition and without being folded.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

December Answers.

The Answers to the Riddle-Rhymes in the December number are:

V. The Wise Men. VI. Christmas-tree
VII. Cipher, or Zero.

December Honor Lists.

List A.—Boys and girls, over seven who answered two of Riddle-Rhymes V, VI, VII.

Kenneth A. Tapscott, Mary Wilcox, George N. Drew, Carolyn Levi, Carl Knobla, Herbert Carter, Margaret Moles, Merrill Sauerbrei, Irma Otwell Rachel Brodhead, Frank H. Murray, Nina A. Mason, Jo Leryy Roberds, Bitha Turner, Alton Turner, Arthur Turner, Nina E. Roffety, Marion Campbell Orr, Percy Plank, Georgia Campbell, Ruth Main, (Ottawa, Kansas, no name,) Marie E. Cox, Annie Van-Deusen, Everett P. Combes, Robert E. Cook, Ruth Durston, Fay Allis, Howard Swanzey, Elma A. Southworth, Margaret Peter, K.tty De Forrest, Cyrus Albertson, Mabel Ripp, Floy Fay Bean, Amelia Minks, Dorothy B. Beach, Fannie McAlexander, Ethel Mills, Francis Jones, Helen MacBain, Annie Kraybill, Bessie L. Eldridge, Allen Withers, Rachel Withers, Tillie Schonlan, Olive Cornelia Scudder, Frances Tart, (Marshfield, Vt., no name,) Pauline Hanson, Janet Gordon, Renard Mitchell, Jessie Grove, Harry Grove, Nita Grove, Elsa Field, Edith D. Welles, Opal Warner Steele.

List B.—Boys and girls under seven who answered one of Riddle-Rhymes V, VI, VII.

Langley Sperry, Richard Chambers, Anita Clark, Augusta A. Graham, James F. Magee, 3rd, Alice M. Everts, Leland Allis, Zetta Mitchell, Nina Rondebush.

It should be added that some of the children over seven on List A answered all three of the December Riddle-Rhymes, and that some under seven in List B answered more than one. Those who gave the answer to Riddle-Rhyme V. as "The Three Kings," or as "The Shepherds," were included in the Honor List: also those who gave the answer to Riddle-Rhyme VII as "Naught."

February Honor Lists.

As so many children under seven sent answers to all the Riddle-Rhymes in November and in December—and as so many fail to mention their ages—List A and List B for February to be published in April, will be made up without regard to age. List A will contain the names of those who answer correctly all the February Riddle-Rhymes; List B will contain the names of those who answer one or two of the three. Some of the Riddle-Rhymes have been guessed by children only five years old—and it is as much honor for a child of five to be in List B for one answer as for a child of ten to be in List A for three answers!

Answers to February Riddle-Rhymes must be received by March 1st. Answers must be wholly the children's own.

Send Answers to Editors of "Little Folks," Warner, N. H.

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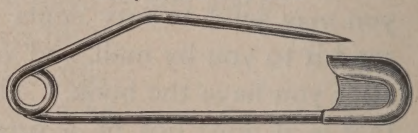

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Fergus Falls, Minn.

Dear "Little Folks":—This is my third year with you and I like you very much. I like the story of "Billy Boy Brown" and am glad it is continued. I have three little girl friends and two of them take you. I love to read the "Letter Bag." We have a cat named "Sam," who bothers me very much in the morning by getting on the bed and screeching in my ears, besides biting my shoe strings. And we have a dog named Muggins, who follows me to school some times and gets turned out for it.

Lynnferd McMahan.

Goffstown, N. H.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eight years old. This is the first year I ever took you. I like you very much. The stories I like best are "Sir Bobbie" and "Little Hero" and "Five Kittens" and "The Yellow-capped Monkey." I have a yellow cat, and a gray cat. I have five dolls; a big doll that is most two feet long; another large doll that has real hair and goes to sleep; a little doll that has brown hair and blue eyes; a large china doll that has china head, feet and hands, besides a bit of a baby doll. Marion Alice Howe.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl five years old and can read, so I read your stories and I don't think I could do without them for I like them very much. I have a little dog too that I am teaching tricks, and I love him so much that I would not give him for any little dog. I read the little story called "Five Little Kittens," and I like it so much that I wish that you would publish more like it.

Omeria McBeath.

Pacific Grove, Cal.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am nine years old. I have been sick for two years, and for one year I have been lying on my couch all the time. My greatest pleasure is to have some one read to me. I take "Little Folks" and like it very much. My favorite stories are "Reggie and Roggie," and "The Two Dogs that Went to School." I have two twin dolls that I named "Reggie" and "Roggie" after the story in "Little Folks." I have a pretty canary bird and he sings very sweetly. Sometimes when he sings it sounds as though he were saying "peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo." My friend Annie has written this letter for me because I couldn't.

Grace Affron Pell.

Miles, Iowa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a boy ten years old. I took several copies of you to school yesterday for our teacher to read and some of the scholars took you home to see if their fathers and mothers would let them take you. I have three or four bantams. Papa said he would let me have a hen with some little chickens next year. My teacher says she likes you as well as some of the magazines for older people. I have just got three new subscribers for you. I hope I can get more.

Charlie Forest.

THE LITTLE FOLKS CLUB LIST 1900-01.

For the benefit of our subscribers we give the following list of periodicals at reduced rates.

After you have received the first copy of the magazine ordered from us, if it does not come regularly write to the publisher, not to us.

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Munsey's Magazine	95	1 90
National Magazine	90	1 85
New England Magazine	2 65	3 60
New Crusade	70	1 65
Nickell Magazine	45	1 40
Outing	2 40	3 35
Outlook	2 90	3 85
Pearson's Magazine	85	1 80
Perry's Magazine	80	1 75
Puritan	95	1 90
St. Nicholas	2 65	3 60
Saturday Evening Post	2 50	3 25
Scribner's Magazine	2 85	3 80
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Honolulu, H. I.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl ten years old. I was born here in Honolulu, but I have spent two years in Central America, and some time in California. I came from Guatemala City to San Francisco, and from there I came to Honolulu by myself. My auntie says I am a "much travelled" little girl. I like the story of the "Two Dogs that Went to School" best. We have a dog that brings in the paper every day. We have a carriage and two nice horses and my uncle often takes us for a drive. It is always summer here. I have never seen the snow. I have a doll with real hair and her name is Ruth. I got her for a Christmas present. I go to school, and I got a badge for spelling all the hard words in my lesson.

Irene Lowell.

Quebec, Canada,

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Canada. I like you very much. My little cousin takes you, but I don't think he has written to you. My papa has a large boot and shoe factory, and nearly all the people in it are French. Papa is having a house built; I think it is going to be just lovely. I learn music and I love my music teacher; she is very kind. I got a lot of lovely things on Christmas. I do the marketing nearly every Saturday for mama. When I get my "Little Folks" I begin to read the Letter Bag first. I am very fond of reading; I have a good many books of my own. Mama got for me a set of books called "Little Prudy Stories." They are very nice little books. She got them when she was in Boston last year. If you tell me when the next "Baby Show" is I will send you a picture of my little sister Ruth. I have a kodak and I will take her picture myself and send it to you. I will try to get some new subscribers. I remain one of your happy readers,

Jean Marsh.

Elwood, Indiana,

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you best of all the books I've read. I am a little girl about nine years old. I have two dolls and a doll trunk, a doll carriage and cradle. I get books from the library and am reading "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew."

Marjorie Shoemaker.

Wilmette, Ills..

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. You are the first magazine I have subscribed for. I like "Billy Boy Brown" best of all the stories. I have a little sister Dorothy—she likes "Jimmy Crow" the best. I have twelve dolls. I am seven years old and my little sister is four years old. I have a little dog; his name is Prince—he is my grandmother's dog, but he stays with me some of the time. My friend Helen Skinner saw my book so her mama subscribed for it for her a Christmas present. Perhaps my little cousins in Kansas City will take you too. I had my mama write this, for I cannot write very good yet.

Marian E. Dietz.

Chester, Vt.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have a doll twenty-two inches tall. I found her the Christmas before I was five years old; since I have had many nice times with her. She has a pink coat trimmed with eider-down, a pink silk dress, a plaid silk tamoshanter, brass bed, a brush and comb, a powder box, fan, a table and dishes and other things. She has long dark curls and eyes that open and shut. Many say "she looks like her mama." She is nemed Vernon for a dear friend. Last Christmas, with my help, she spoke a piece to a housefull of people. Lillian Hutchinson.

Williamsport, Pa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have just been eight years old and I had a birthday party, and a cake with eight candles. I have taken piano lessons over a year and I have taken part in several recitals. I hope to be able to teach music some day. I have been reading your story about "Little Jane-Ann" and I like it very much. M. Elizabeth Simmons.

Milford, Neb.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have three dolls. I am going to ask some more children to take "Little Folks." I have a little kitty. It is gray. I like it very much. I like to go to school. I think the story of "Teddy Horses" is nice. I wish you would come every day.

Clara W. Mauel.

Conway, Ark.

Dear "Little Folks":—I was ten years old in September. Father gave you to me for a birthday present. I take piano lessons and can play very well. My papa went to New York city last summer, and when he came home he brought me a pretty doll. It will go to sleep when I lay her down. I have a play-house up stairs. I have so many toys that it takes one whole room. I have three dolls, a doll tea-set, a doll bed, a doll carriage and some doll chairs and a little table. I have six pets, a dog, a cow, a horse, and three cats. I like to read the letters other children write. I am going to get as many people to take "Little Folks" as I can. My cousin might let her little girl take you. I hope she will. I will close, hoping you will get a good many subscribers. Mary Westerfield.

Centralia, Wash.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am seven years old and I go to school. When I was three years old I used to do errands for Mama, and wipe dishes and bring in wood. Now I go to school and my little brother, Howard, brings in wood and helps mama in other ways. My aunt sent you to me for a Christmas present. I go to school and in two weeks more I will be in the second reader. I live a block away from the school house and my grandpa and grandma live near, too, so I can go there often. I have two cousins named Vestal and Tom and they and their mother come here every summer to visit us. I like the letters so much.

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Upon some group that may be found
On almost any night,
All eyes are on the pages bent
Of some late magazine,
And yet the group is not intent
On fashion notes, I ween,
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